DOUBLE NUMBER

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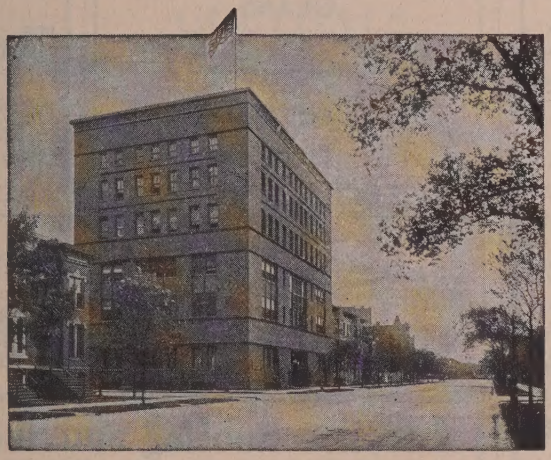
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1915. NUMBER 15

SPECIAL EDITION

For Free Distribution at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

We are glad to hand to our readers this double number of UNITY which is dedicated to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. A special number is printed for free distribution, and grateful acknowledgment is here made to the Unitarians of the Pacific Coast who have kindly consented to aid in the distribution from their headquarters in the Palace of Education.

GOETHALS

A man went down to Panama,
Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.

The Power that wrought the tide and peak,
Wrought mightier the seer;
And the One who made the isthmus,
He made the engineer,
And the good God he made Goethals,
To cleave the hemisphere.

The reek of fevered ages rose
From poisoned jungle and strand,
Where the crumbling wrecks of failure
Lay sunk in the torrid sand—
Derelicts of old desperate hopes
And venal contraband:

Till a mind glowed white through the yellow mist
And purged the poison-mold,
And the wrecks rose up in labor,
And the fever's knell was tolled,
And the keen mind cut the world-divide,
Untarnished by world gold:

For a poet wrought in Panama
With a continent for his theme,
And he wrote with flood and fire
To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs,
And his stanzas roared in steam.

But the poet's mind, it is not his
Alone, but a million men's:
Far visions of lonely dreamers
Meet there as in a lens,
And lightnings, pent by stormy time,
Leap through, with flame intense:

So from our age three giants loom
To vouch man's venturous soul:
Amundsen on his ice-peak,
And Peary from his pole,
And midway, where the oceans meet,
Goethals—beside *his* goal:

Where old Balboa bent his gaze,
He leads the liners through,
And the Horn that tossed Magellan
Bellows a far halloo,
For where the navies never sailed,
Steamed Goethals and his crew;

So nevermore the tropic routes
Need poleward warp and veer,
But on through the Gates of Goethals,
The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of men are led towards peace
By the prophet-engineer.

—*Percy Mackaye.*

From "The Present Hour," a book of poems by Percy Mackaye, by permission of the publishers, the Macmillan Company, New York.

Panama-Pacific International Exposition

Special Number.

Not many of the UNITY staff or its farther away readers can enjoy the splendid vision at the Golden Gate or take part in the stimulating proceedings of conferences, councils, conventions and congresses that will follow in brilliant succession through the summer days. But none of us want to be counted wholly out of it, so we send this "Special Number" of UNITY across the mountains with some account of the words and works of the activities most intimately connected with it. Indeed, all of which activities, it may be said, were born out of UNITY's loins, are children of its dreams, whose care and growth, as well as their birth, are largely indebted to its fostering care.

First, then UNITY makes its bow to any new friends it may find under the sunny skies and on the radiant grounds of the exposition, as well as grasping the hands of old friends in true conservative style by printing its traditions. We will let its past interpret its present, and indicate its still unrealized but ever pursued hopes.

Unity

UNITY first saw the light of day on the first of March, 1878, so it is now in its thirty-eighth year, still in the adolescent period, still young and hopeful. It was launched under the name of *The Pamphlet Mission,* with the names of Robert Collyer, *Chicago,* W. C. Gannett of *St. Paul,* Jenkin Ll. Jones of *Janesville,* C. W. Wendte of *Cincinnati,* and J. C. Learned of *St. Louis,* as publishing committee; Miss Frances L. Roberts of *Chicago,* business agent; J. T. Sunderland of *Chicago* and George W. Cooke of *Grand Haven, Mich.,* editors of its "Notes and News." Robert Collyer wrote the greeting.

We want to make this *Pamphlet Mission* go like a benediction among liberal thinkers all through the West; to feel, when the work gets fairly under way, that our little messenger is the most welcome visitor, especially in the lonely homes and thinly scattered communities of free religious thinkers, that ever comes. We trust they will look for it then as one of their choice blessings and find nobler uses in it than we can yet dream of. But this can only be done as those who are like-minded with ourselves take hold with us, and spread the news far and wide, of its birth and promise; subscribe for as many copies as they can well afford to and send them out where they know they will be a blessing. . . . We need not say that our whole desire is to promote God's truth. If there should ever be any money in the venture, it will go right back in the publication, to the last cent, so as to make it still more worthy and more useful. And we cannot doubt that if all our friends will take hold with us, the *Pamphlet Mission* will grow in time to be one of the choicest agencies for the promotion of truth we can possibly desire.

Following this genial and hopeful greeting from the then pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, came the prospectus, which said:

It is proposed to publish a fortnightly series of religious pamphlets on "The Unity," "The Evolution," "The Doctrines," "The Bibles" and "The Leaders of Religion"; on the "Relation of Religion to Science," to "Devotion and Conduct," and on kindred topics, written by men whose word combines liberal thought with religious feeling..... We hope that each number will make good the promise of its title; *i. e.,* that each will stand for real freedom of mind, for real fellowship between differing minds, and as most important of all, for character as the *test* and *essence of religion.*

At the end of the first six months the new volume announced:

With this number we enter upon a new volume and hoist to the mast-head a new name. "What's in a name?" Much. The *Pamphlet Mission* did not meet with general favor as a name. We trust it will be different with UNITY.

With the beginning of the second year UNITY was enlarged and H. M. Simmons, then of Kenosha, was editor-in-charge, and its position was thus stated by the new editor in its greeting:

UNITY will aim to be as unsectarian as its name. Many of its contributors are indeed Unitarians; but the better Unitarians hold that name in no sectarian sense, and are, as Dr. Bellows said, "a sect only in their opposition to sectarianism." They aim not to divide, but to unite. The old theologic doctrine of the unity of God, from which the name came, has led logically and historically to a belief in the unity of all religion, and of the race. So we have long been wont, in pronouncing the word *Unitarianism,* to pass lightly over the *arianism,* and lay all the emphasis on the *Unite.* And now gladly dropping the *ism* and every trace of sectarian hiss, and returning to the root of the word, in which its historic meaning and real spirit lie, we proclaim our faith in UNITY.

This, too, is the word in which modern thought centers. History is showing that all religions are *one;* ethnology that humanity is *one;* biology that all life is *one;* chemistry that the earth is *one;* and astronomy that all worlds are *one.* Our paper aims to be faithful to this rising truth—the unity of religions in righteousness, the unity of men with each other and with nature, and the unity of all in God. For this truth of unity will in turn prove itself a gospel, bringing a larger charity and a wiser life to men.

Another year, first of March, 1880, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, then of Janesville, Wis., assumed the responsibility of senior editor, which position he has since occupied. On this, its third birthday, UNITY again stated its position as follows:

Unity does not stand for freedom alone, nor for fellowship alone, nor for character alone in religion, but for all three of these as a con-substantial trinity. For some we are too free; for some we are too charitable; we hope that for none we are "too good." Not all even of our own household seem to fully understand our purpose. When they do, we trust they will believe in it enough to help us to more fully represent them.

On the first of March, 1884, it reiterated its purpose to "work for universal truths independent of geographical lines and to seek a broader fellowship than that represented by any denominational name."

On the first of May, 1885, UNITY, up to that date issued semi-monthly, became a weekly, and at that time it took occasion to say that its work was for the

Church of the Spirit, based on practical piety; the home of thought, and a fellowship broader than any sectarian name, and aglow with a missionary purpose to rationalize and humanize religion, that it may the better sanctify the life that now is, and increase the capacity for a life that is to come.

We make these citations from the earlier editorial columns of UNITY, hoping that they will show that through all the thirty-seven years and more UNITY has not been disloyal to the initial "heavenly vision;"

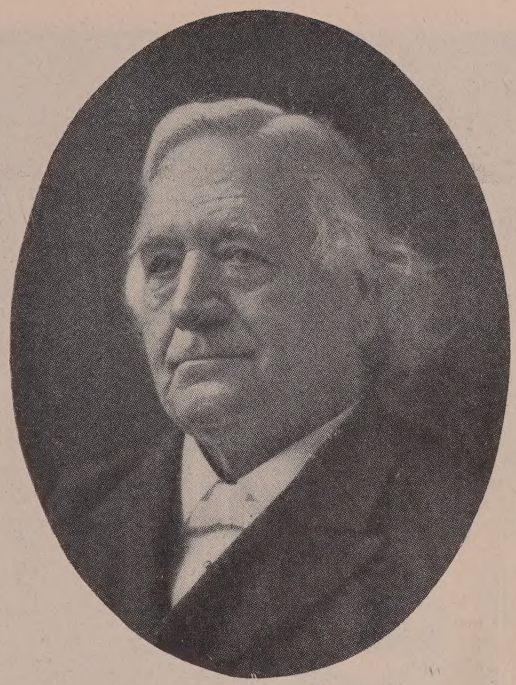
that it is still traveling the road which is ever the long, long road that never arrives, but the years serve as milestones to indicate its progress. The editorial list alluded to above, grew until it included the loving fellowship of F. L. Hosmer, James Vila Blake, S. S. Hunting, R. L. Herbert, John Chadwick, John R. Effinger, E. P. Powell, the last to escape the trammels of the flesh, Henry Doty Maxson, William Kent, and many others. Frances L. Roberts, Ellen T. Leonard, Allen G. Jennings and Marion Perkins, of blessed memory. Celia Parker Woolley, Evelyn H. Walker, Charles H. Kerr, Frederick L. Sanders, Cyrus Osborne and Edith Lackersteen have all rendered faithful service as assistants and office editors. The Home Department has enlisted the co-operation of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells and Miss Cora Clark of Boston, Mrs. E. E. Marean, Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard, Mrs. William Kent and Miss Katherine Jones. *The Liberal Worker, The Spectator, The Church of the Unity, The Unitarian Advocate, The Alliance, The Weekly Magazine, The Educational News, The Fortnightly News, The Church Door Pulpit* and the *Little Unity* are names that remind the members of the old guard of the many papers that were too good to live, of the little rills that flowed into the more persistent stream of UNITY.

In the earlier years of UNITY much was made of birthdays. There were regular announcements of new departments, changes of form and type, and additions to the editorial staff, all of which were pathetically hopeful and so full of confidence that they would be suspected of bumptiousness, if they had not always been so deadly in earnest.

But "birthdays" have become monotonous. The thirty-seventh year has been passed and it is still moving on. All these years it has been a labor of love. Of course it has never "paid its way," but it can say with some pride that it has always paid its bills, except to those who did not work for pay.

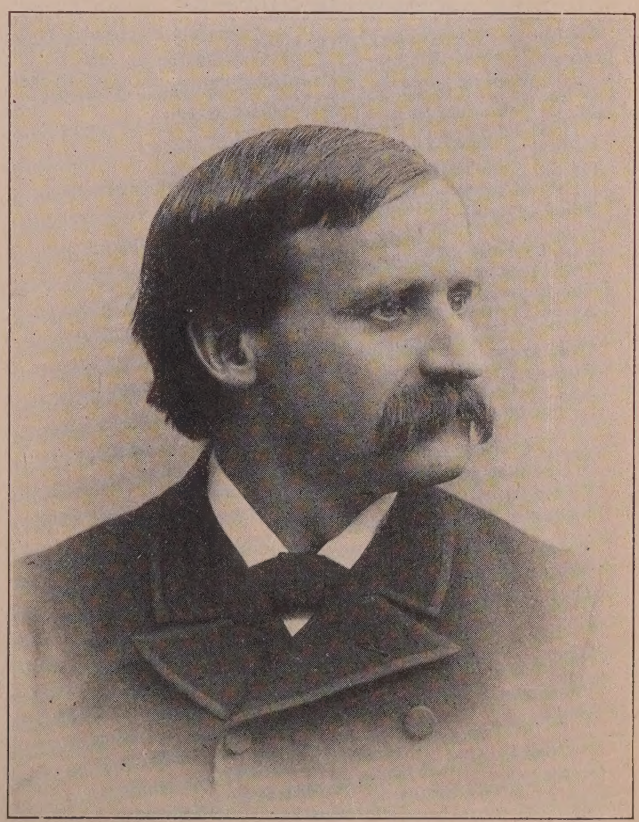
On its thirtieth birthday UNITY, still believing in its future and strongly entrenched in the permanent environment of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, to be noted hereafter, opened its books for an endowment fund of $30,000. This fund has been diligently pursued and brought to a successful finish through the efficient leadership of a Lincoln Centre Committee. We expect at the beginning of the first half year volume on the first of September, 1915, to present the full list of the donors of the completed fund.

But, obviously, the best exhibit of UNITY and its work is told by the story of its children hereunto appended.

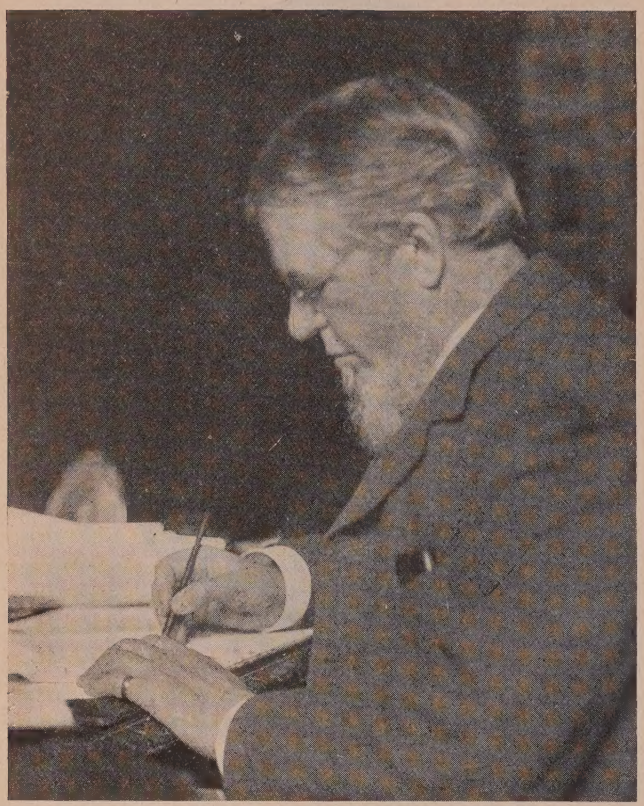


ROBERT COLLYER

"Lord, for the names that light the path of Truth and Right
And Freedom's way;
For all whose life doth prove the might of Faith, Hope, Love
The souls of men to move,
Be praise today!"



HENRY M. SIMMONS



JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

TOWARD THE UNKNOWN

All look gloomy when we are bearing south, or too much to the west, and all are beaming with joy when we are drifting to the northward, the farther the better.—*Nansen, Farthest North.*

So it is written in brave Nansen's story
Of the good Fram, and all the fame and glory
Of those stout hearts who further northward bore
Than any ship had ever been before.

For them the vast unknown had naught of fear;
They yearned for it as for a mother dear
The homesick children absent from her side;
As yearns the bridegroom for the tarrying bride.

They knew how many hitherward had come,
Nor seen again the pleasant things of home;
Nor sent one word of aught that they had found
In any dim, enchanted sea or ground.

Yet still from out the unknown world there came
Voices that seemed to call them each by name;
Voices of bergs that grind and seas that roll,
Tempting and spurning man's imperial soul.

Would that it might be so with us who keep
Our fateful course o'er life's unmeasured deep;
That we, as cheerly, might that mystery hail,
Which is the port of every captain's sail.

What though no soul has ever yet returned
With news of those for whom our hearts have yearned
These many years! Who would not wish to go
Where they have gone, what they have learned to know?

No fear! That great unknown toward which we move
Is the wide sea of God's eternal love.
No ice-bound beauteous desolation there;
But life, more life—who would not onward fare?

1896. —*John White Chadwick.*

COIN IN ANY REALM

With place, with gold, with power—oh, ask me not
With these my little hour of life to blot.
A little hour indeed! and I would fain
Its moments spend in what is worth its pain.
What traveler would faint through troublous lands
To gather only what must leave his hands
The moment that he takes his homeward ship?
Earth's goods and gauds give every man the slip;
But wealth of Thought, and richer wealth of Love,
Must pass for coin in any world above.
The good to others done while here I strive
Is all at last that shall my dying shrive;
And setting sail, my slight self-conquest's store
Is all my freight if I shall come to shore.

—*James H. West.*

THE HALO

"One London dealer in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of thirty-two thousand dead hummingbirds; and another received at one time thirty thousand aquatic birds, and three hundred thousand pairs of wings."

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung,—
Bared just for that!

Think of the others, too,
Others and *mothers,* too,
Bright-Eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan,—birdlings despair,—
Somewhere, for that?

Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled,—
Women want that!

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,—
Death: and for that!

Unity, May 9, 1885. —*William C. Gannett.*

THE THREEFOLD TESTIMONY.

"God is love."—*St. John.*
"God is the Summit of Truth."—*Emerson.*
"God is the Best that man can know."—*Matthew Arnold.*

Still "from faith to faith" uplifted,
Living out his sense of Right,
Man moves Godward through the ages
Climbing slow from height to height.

"Father, Son, and Holy Spirit"—
So the earlier souls confess:
We, their latest heirs, inherit
Love and Truth and Righteousness.

Christ-like Love, the Eternal Human,
Shall walk with us through all time.
Righteousness, the Eternal Helpful,
Lift us toward the Truth sublime.

Something grander than our finite,
Something higher than our best,
All enfolding, all upholding,
To the *soul* made manifest.

This is God, the great Eternal,—
Be he what he may or where,
In his being he uniteth
Wisdom, Love, and helpful Care.

UNITY, *Sept.* 4, 1896. —*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

The first service of All Souls Church was conducted by Jenkin Lloyd Jones November 4, 1882, in a little hall on the corner of Vincennes Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago.

March 3, 1885, in order to secure more room, the church services were transferred to Oakland Hall, over a skating rink.

Before this time a subscription list was opened in UNITY for the building of a permanent church home. The proposition was that if the local society would furnish the land upon which to erect the building, Mr. Jones would raise the money for the building through the pages of UNITY.

All Souls Church

BOND OF UNION

We join ourselves together in the interest of morality and religion, as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, hoping thereby to bear one another's burdens and promote truth, righteousness and love in the world.

October 12, 1886, the first building was dedicated, the money for the building, $10,000, having come literally from every State in the Union.

The building was a combination of auditorium and parsonage, and gave shelter to many activities throughout the seven days of the week. Classes in poetry, fiction and science were held. The first Browning class was started in 1883. Evolution was studied through successive years in the books of Darwin, John Fiske, Spencer, Powell, etc.

As the church grew and the work developed more adequate housing became imperative. Space was needed to enlarge the many-sided week-day activities, so plans were projected and schemes formulated to raise funds for the erection of the Abraham Lincoln Centre on the northeast corner of Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue on land which had been partly purchased by a donation from Mrs. Nancy Nickerson, with the stipulation that part of the new building should be occupied by the "Hill Reading Room."

A DREAM FULFILLED.

A child went seeking a gift one day,
But so blind had been her care
That she had not thought to begin her quest
Till the shrine she loved was bare.

Then she called to fond old mother, Earth,
"O Earth! of thy treasure rare
Bring forth the fairest and fittest one
A message of love to bear."

Then the happy mother laughed, for joy
To know that her task was done,
For a thousand thousand ages ago
Her work had been well begun.

For once, when the wise old Earth was young,
And the ferns grew strange and rare,
But never the valleys or hill-slopes green
Did child or blossom bear,

As she dizzily swung in the tropic haze,
Asleep on the sky's soft breast,
The wildest dream that ever came true
Crept into her heart's still rest.

Too tender and dear for words or song,
So she kept her secret fast,
With ferns for beauty and hills for strength,
Till the dream came true at last,—

The old, wild dream in the heart of Earth,
Of blossoms at summertide,
And a child, that should hold out a hand for a rose,
And should not be denied.

All Souls Church, Chicago. —*Evelyn H. Walker.*
Flower Sunday, 1907.

DEDICATION HYMN OF ALL SOULS CHURCH.

Like stars upon a troubled sea
Shine out the altars fair,
Where longings of the centuries
Have voiced themselves in prayer.
A guide to tempted, wandering hearts,
A strength in sorrow's hour,
A peace within the common lives
They touched with holy power.

We seek the good those altars held,
Yet read their message clear,
To loyally receive the light
God sends us now and here.

Within these walls may worship fill
Our waiting souls anew,
A present help within our lives
To make them pure and true.

Eternal Life, whose love Divine
Enfolds us each and all,
We know no other truth than Thine,
We heed no other call.
O may we serve in thought and deed
Thy kingdom yet to be,
When truth and righteousness and love
Shall lead all souls to thee!

—*Emma E. Marean.*

Abraham Lincoln Centre

A point towards which all the legitimate needs of the community gravitate; from which all available helps radiate.

A LINCOLN CENTRE CREED

From a clean life to a clean city,
From love of home to love of country,
From love of country to love of humanity,
From love of God, our Father, to love of man, our brother.

In the issue of the *Chicago Evening Post* for September 12, 1892, there appeared a full page illustrated notice of All Souls Church and its work under the caption "Mr. Jones Dreams a Dream." The article was written by Mr. Armstrong, son of the founder of the United States Railway Postal Car Service. A copy of this paper was mailed to all the members of the church and was made the subject of the sermon for the Sunday following. Subscriptions were then opened for a fund of a hundred thousand dollars to realize this dream of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, no subscription being due until the whole was subscribed. Thirteen years after, the building was dedicated, May 28th to June 1st, 1905. The day of dedication another subscription list was opened for a hundred thousand dollar endowment fund, which fund was completed in about six years. The Abraham Lincoln Centre was incorporated with a self-perpetuating board of forty members. All Souls Church transferred to it its tangible property, reserving to itself perpetual rights of free tenantcy. The present property represents about $250,000 worth of real estate, $133,000 Endowment Fund, including the $30,000 UNITY fund to be dedicated always to the perpetuation of ideas coinciding with the traditions of UNITY and All Souls Church.

A staff of about twenty workers give their whole time to the work, including the janitor force. Some fourteen of the workers are in residence. A house meeting is held every Friday at which a careful statistical report is compiled and plans discussed. The following is a sample weekly report:

Abraham Lincoln Centre Calendar

February 4-11, 1915

	Enr't.	Cls.	Add.	Drp.	Call.	Vis.	Attdce.
Church	...	..	..	..	..	..	300
Sunday School	128	13	1	5	4	3	110
Tuesday Class	125	1	..	..	..	..	85
Friday Class	32	1	..	..	..	..	16
Browning Class	27	1	..	..	..	..	24
Kindergarten	30	5	..	..	4	..	100
Helen Heath	992	..	6	..	15	..	36
Domestic Science	163	6	..	..	6	..	124
Gymnasium	175	6	..	..	..	..	285
Manual Training	70	4	..	..	6	..	35
Lincoln Girls' Club	102	5	6	3	9	..	65
Lincoln Boys' Club	163	5	37	46	5	..	107
Boys' Chorus	23	1	..	..	..	..	10
Children's Chorus	70	4	..	..	2	..	46
Piano Lessons	...	..	..	..	..	..	3
Language Classes	24	..	..	..	..	..	33
Monday Night Dance	...	..	..	..	..	..	40
Dancing Classes	...	9	..	..	..	..	63
Fellowship Class	...	..	..	..	..	..	30
Peace Meeting in Auditorium	...	..	..	..	..	..	75
University Lecture	...	..	..	..	..	..	205
Arche Club	...	..	..	..	..	..	807
Nike Club	...	..	..	..	..	..	65
Library	...	..	..	..	..	..	1,793
Reading Room	...	..	..	..	..	..	1,846
Story Hour	...	..	..	..	..	..	27
Mothers' Club	...	..	..	..	..	..	60
Children's Play Hour	...	..	..	..	..	..	15
Playground Workers' Party	...	..	..	..	..	..	25
Doll Club	...	..	1	..	..	..	10
Rutledge Club	...	..	..	..	..	..	9
Residents' House Meeting	...	..	..	..	..	..	20
	2,124	61	51	54	51	3	6,469

The society has issued its Annual Report for thirty-two consecutive years, setting forth the full activities, work done and doing. Friends particularly interested, wishing to study in detail the work of the church can probably obtain back numbers of these Annuals on application at the UNITY office.

The Building

The activities of the Abraham Lincoln Centre are housed in a six-story and basement building erected on the corner of Oakwoood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, Chicago, Ill., about four and a half miles south of the business center, on substantial, simple lines which make it adapted to its purpose as a physical and spiritual power-house, organizing and radiating all kinds of neighborhood helpfulness and inspiration.

We call it the "Abraham Lincoln Centre" in honor of the "first American," a prophet, sage and helper of men of the modern times. His name typifies applied religion, civic righteousness and the humble heart. This institution is open every day in the week and all the working hours of the day.

The upper (sixth) floor of the building is divided between the gymnasium and domestic science. The fifth floor is occupied by the residents, the fourth floor by the social and study rooms, *i. e.*, Emerson hall, Browning room, Civics room, Bible room, and the necessary social, cloak and toilet rooms, etc. The second and third floors are given to the auditorium and attendant rooms, including Committee rooms, a picture room, where always hangs at least one loan picture of high merit, music rooms, and a comfortable rest room for women and children. The first (main) floor is occupied by the spacious entrance lobby, the Office of the Building and the Minister's study, a branch of the Chicago Public Library, the editorial and publishing rooms of UNITY, the Little Counter and the large reception room "behind the clock." In the basement is the Manual Training outfit; also playrooms for the boys and girls of the Lincoln Centre Clubs, containing pool-tables and material for other games and amusements. Here are also found photographic dark-rooms, magazine dispensary, old clothes closet, etc.

The University Extension Centre of the South Side offers lectures throughout the season every Tuesday evening. On Monday evenings from November to May, inclusive, Mr. Jones leads studies in Browning and other masters in literature. On Tuesday morning at 10:30, and Friday evening at 8, he conducts the classes in religion. The Sunday-school, which meets at 9:30 every Sunday morning, pursues the same course of study as the Tuesday and Friday classes. The regular Sunday morning services are conducted in the Auditorium at 11 o'clock by Mr. Jones.

The children of the Lincoln Centre Clubs, at present writing numbering between two hundred and fifty and three hundred, are at home in almost all parts of the building, and enjoy in full measure the privileges of the gymnasium, the Kindergarten, the domestic science department, the Doll's Club and the Dancing, Singing and Orchestra Clubs.

Their parents, too, find much to interest them in the regular meetings of the large Mothers' Club, in the frequent musical and dramatic representations in which their children take part, in the various study classes and the social occasions when old and young dance and sing together.

Bulletins are issued regularly containing the current announcements. Questions are solicited and information will be freely given at the office or in response to communications by mail.

Lincoln Centre Fellowship

This is an independent club now in its third year, which has undertaken to demonstrate the possibility of enlisting men and women in coöperation on the high lines of social, artistic, educational and civic interests. From the start it has had a man and woman president and a dual executive throughout. It meets monthly around the social board and eminent speakers from all parts of the country have been heard and public questions discussed. Last year Prof. Steiner of Iowa, Gov. Ferris of Michigan and Bishop Williams of Detroit were among the speakers.

In addition to this, a course of study on "The Strangers Within Our Gates," or the foreign born citizens of Chicago, has been conducted, and these new recruits have been heard from in their own behalf. Last winter the questions of Labor, of Color, and of Drink were studied in the same way—at short range.

Lincoln Centre Dramatics

Much has always been made at the Abraham Lincoln Centre of the drama, not only in the way of studying systematically the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Browning, etc., but in the way of rendering dramas of real merit in as effective and scholarly a fashion as possible.

Under the direction of Mr. Maurice S. Kuhns, the children of the Sunday School have accomplished what would be pronounced impossible by experts. They aim to interpret, at least once a year, dramatically, the great studies of the Sunday School in the Sunday School Course.

In this direction they have rendered Longfellow's "Pandora," as relating to the primitive life of man, his "Judas Maccabæus" in connection with our Apocryphal studies, a dramatization of the Buddha story in connection with our studies of Oriental religions, a dramatic interpretation of Job, in connection with Old Testament study, which was repeated before the students and professors of the University of Chicago to their surprise and delight, and they are about presenting Aristophanes' "Peace" with fitting costumes and stage setting.

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

Worthy its name! O God, can we
Ask for this house we raise to thee
A finer test, a higher fame,
Than that it shameth not its name?
Broad as the deep and changing sea,—
Its corner-stone Integrity;
Simple as he,—as plain,—as true,—
O give us strength like him *to do!*
The flag he loved o'er it shall fly,
White-rimmed, since Peace is our ally;
And may through it his prophet name,—
To which each age brings added fame,—
Stand for the new Beatitude
Of man's eternal brotherhood.

December, 1903. —*Althea A. Ogden.*

OUR TASK

Narrow our field of tillage, short our tenancy,
But thine infinity, O God, and thine eternity,
Here, resting now upon our little deeds and shortened days,
Stretch out and onward and forever.

Our problems fit and fill our boundaries,
Our labor ends at sunset, at thy feet
We leave the plow when twilight calls us home.

Our time is thine, we cannot reach success,
Only reach toward it. More thou dost not ask,
Less, none can render in man's honesty.

Our duty, that our little plot is tilled
So those that follow find it mellowed land,
A world where more men clearer know thy love
Because we lived and toiled.

UNITY, *Nov. 27, 1896.* —*William Kent.*

THE DEDICATION.

(Abraham Lincoln Centre, 1905.

And what is this you dedicate? Is it the brick and stone?
These walls set high and fair—do you but build these walls alone?
Is it that you would dedicate this work that you have done,
Or consecrate the structure of great deeds that is begun?

We may fold hands and look at this, and know that it is good,
And praise the marvels that are wrought of senseless stone and wood,
But we must go bare-armed and strong from labor made complete
To all the harder, longer tasks that we know that we must meet.

The perfect house is not made up of roof and wall and floor—
The perfect house bids welcome or cries Godspeed at its door—
Its builders labor on in love, are spendthrift of their strength
Until the house shall stand in simple majesty at length.

It is the house not made with hands, not built of stone and steel,
Whose base is the great common thought that all of us must feel,
Whose clear design but follows out the one eternal plan
That they who work in brotherhood must know their brother man.

That they who work in brotherhood, who build with word and deed,
Toil on a structure which outgrows the confines of a creed,
Raise up a temple wonderful beneath the blessed skies—
A temple as enduring as the truth that never dies.

Build on. Build high and true and fair, throughout the changing years.
And light shall break where darkness broods, and smiles take place of tears.
The blessing of a worthy deed is that its lustre glows
Like sunbeams coaxing laughter to the dewdrops on the rose.

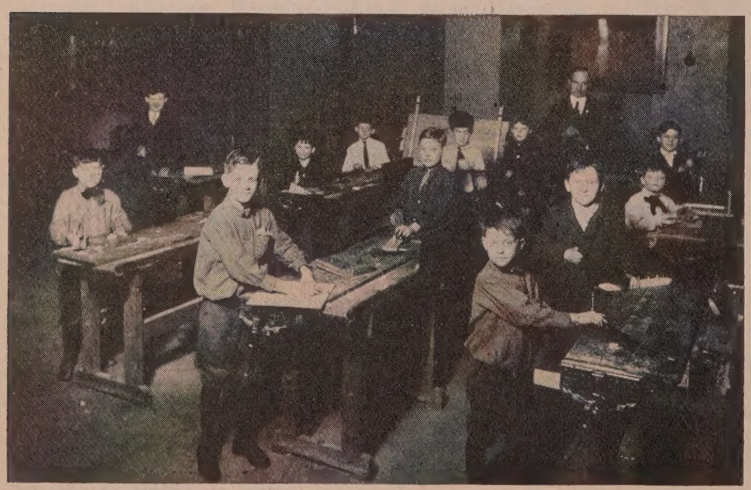
So, you have built—but still you build, and not with brick and beams,
For you shall breathe the breath of life into your cherished dreams,
And you shall see your faith take form again, and yet again,
For you build more than temples—aye, for you are building men!

And what is this we dedicate? Not roof and floor and wall,
But the brave trust in that white light which leads us one and all;
We consecrate our hope and faith in this that has been done
And dedicate ourselves anew to what is but begun.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

TUESDAY CLASS PICNIC AT THE STARRETT SCHOOL

LINCOLN CENTRE MOTHERS' CLUB



A CLASS IN MANUAL TRAINING

THE VETERAN.

I saw a veteran today
With hobbling foot, and staff to stay,
In slow march by the window stray.

"The rank?" There was no epaulet;
Some humble rank that privates get;
The look said, *hero by brevet.*

"The regiment?" I only know
It takes the front where'er they go:
The face is all the badge they show.

"No colors?" None that I could see,
Except the gray locks waving free,
Like shot-torn banners greeting me.

"In service where?" How could I guess?
No roll of victories marred the dress,
But eyes were full of field success.

"And scars, or main,—an empty sleeve?"
I saw the smile that sufferings leave.
And weary days and nights achieve.

"And all alone—no comrade-brother?"
Alone, but loved beyond all other—
For she is some one's dear old mother.

UNITY, *June* 19, 1896. —*William C. Gannett.*

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,—
And best of all, along the way, friend
ship and mirth.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

The mighty wrought thro' the ages,
They plowed with the lance,
They sowed with the bow,
They reaped with the sword.
But bitter the fruit of their tillage,
The truce of the crushed,
The peace of the strong.

In all the garnered years
One starlit night,
In all the ways of earth,
One lowly byre is bright.

There, where the frosty breath of kine
Arose as incense at the shrine,
In human mother's love and pain
An humble little child was born,
Who saw beyond the prophets ken,
Who made the gentle message plain,
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

The peace of slave and crown,
The peace of weak and strong,
Wide as the sky above,
As long as time is long,
The peace of God came down,
The peace of Love.

—William Kent.

Unity, December 22, 1898.

ALTRUISM

"The God of things as they are"
Is the God of the highest heaven;
The God of the morning star,
Of the thrush that sings at even.

The God of the storm and sunshine,
Of the wolf, the snail, and the bee,
Of the Alp's majestic silence.
Of the soundless depths of the sea.

The God of the times and the nations,
Of the planets as they roll,
Of the numberless constellations,
Of the limitless human soul.

For there is nothing small,
And naught can mighty be;
Archangels and atoms all—
Embodiments of Thee.

A single thought divine
Holds stars and suns in space;
A dream of man is thine,
And history finds its place.

When the universe was young,
Thine was the perfect thought,
That life should be bound in one
By the strand of love unwrought.

In the life of the fern and the lily,
Of the dragon and the dove,
Still through the stress and struggle,
Waxes the bond of love.

Out from the ruthless ages,
Rises, like incense mild,
The love of the man and the woman
The love of the mother and child.

—David Starr Jordan.

Unity, December 23, 1897.

ARTS AND CRAFTS CLUB

GROUP FROM THE "MAY FESTIVAL"

"HOME MAKERS"

WEAVING

The Tower Hill Encampment, Wisconsin

In 1890 Jenkin Lloyd Jones, S. S. Hunting and William C. Gannett secured possession of a picturesque bluff overlooking the Wisconsin River, thirty-five miles west of Madison, on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, three miles from Spring Green, the nearest station, with the purpose of establishing a camp for "tired schoolma'ams and poor preachers." Tower Hill was once Shot Tower Hill, which in pre-railroad days was the center of a flourishing river town, Helena, where lead from the neighboring lead mines eighteen or twenty miles away was converted into shot. The Tower Hill Pleasure Company was organized and the colony now consists of some fourteen private cottages and six cottages the property of the company. It has its dining-room, the Emerson Pavilion for meetings, ice house, water system, etc. It adjoins Mr. Jones's Tower Hill Jersey farm, which furnishes milk, butter and the product of a well-tilled garden. The season opens about the first of July and continues to the middle of September. There are always a few cottages for rent. Board at the dining-hall is $5.00 per week for regular attendants and $1.00 a day for transients.

THE CRESCENT MEADOW

CORN FIELD. TOWER HILL FARM

PINE KNOB. TOWER HILL, WIS.

The Tower Hill Summer School

This school antedates the Tower Hill Encampment two years. It lasts for a month, beginning about the middle of July and ending the middle of August. Mr. Jones conducts each summer a class in the seven years' course of study in "The History and Practice of Religion," as follows:

First Year—Beginnings: The Legend and the True Story.

Second Year—The Religious of the Elder World.

Third Year—The Growth of the Hebrew Religion. (The Old Testament.)

Fourth Year—The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classic World. (The Apocrypha.)

Fifth Year—The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. (The New Testament.)

Sixth Year—The Growth of Christianity; Stepping Stones Across the First Sixteen Centuries of the Christian Era.

Seventh Year—The Flowering of Christianity Into Universal Religion: From Erasmus to Emerson.

A full pamphlet giving topics and reading lists can be obtained on application. The season of 1915 will concern itself with the Fifth Year of the course, "The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion" (the New Testament). Studies in poetry, particularly Browning, Emerson and Whittier, engage two or three nights a week. Those interested in the study of the local flora and fauna will have special helpers in the same.

The Tower Hill Congress

This outgrowth of the Summer School and the woman activities in Wisconsin will hold its ninth session this summer at Tower Hill. It has grown into an institution of such significance and public importance that it has consented to go away from home on alternate summers. The session of 1912 was held at Portage, Wisconsin, 1914 at Baraboo, Wisconsin. The session lasts two days and three nights and the best men and women available are called upon to discuss the profoundest ethical, civic and humanitarian interests. For several years Miss Lutie E. Stearns of Milwaukee and Miss Zona Gale of Portage have constituted the committee on programs and management.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Sent to reach the heart of folly,
O'er the hill
Faintly calls the melancholy
Whip-poor-will.

Like the touch of cruel fingers
Sweeps again
O'er the heart this song that lingers
Long in pain.

What can be the hidden meaning
So complete
Of the brooding twilight leaning
Low and sweet?

What the vow but just debarring
Heart from joy?
What the factor love's hour marring
With alloy?

O, to clasp this pure escaping
Happiness!
O, to pray these softly draping
Skies to bless!

But to see the light, ne'er guessing
That the star
Through the depths of violet pressing
Is so far!

Not to know such joy is given
For the few
Who have walked in tears, and striven
To be true!

All may reach this bliss deferring,
First to pain
Must each soul, God's will preferring,
Turn again.

Still unto the heart of folly
O'er the hill
Faintly calls the melancholy
Whip-poor-will.

UNITY, *Oct.* 3, 1885. —*Mary Stebbins Savage.*

LILACS.

Over the blossoming hedges
Heavy with all perfumes
Sweetly today there floateth
The breath of the lilac plumes.

Dear is the deepening fragrance,
Subtly the sense it thralls,
And full of a sweet suggestion
Across my heart it falls.

The odor bears me backward
To the heart of another May,
When the snowy sprays were tossing
In the air of a fateful day—

A day when a purple splendor
Come flooding a narrow life,
And the pomp of life's royal pageant
Displaced its calm with strife.

Never the breath of the lilacs
Comes with the apple-blooms,
But the Day of Fate comes with it,
And the old time's deep perfumes.

I smell the blossoming locusts
That dropped above our way,
The spicy mint, the sassafras,
All odors of the May.

And even in the hush of night
The old time with me seems,
And lilac breath and apple bloom
Are with me in my dreams.

UNITY, *April* 25, 1895. —*Hattie Tyng Griswold.*

CAVE PATH—TOWER HILL

ON THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF UNITY

Here is a friend for the friendless,
A champion for the oppressed;
A herald of hastening freedom,
A fearless iconoclast;
A patriot, standing for country,
For state and for city alert;
Rejoicing in all the world's goodness,
Suffering in all its hurt.
Here is a staff for the weary,
Here is a voice for the dumb,
Here is a brother for all men,
Saying not "Go!" but "Come!"
Ever of evil the foeman,
Ever of good the friend:
What is the best of wishes
We on this day can send?
All human blessings enfold thee,
Crown thee all blessings divine!
Spirit of progress stay by thee!
Joy of the victor be thine!
Onward! press onward and upward,
Bearing the flag of truth,
While added years shall declare thee
Wearing perennial youth!
Pledge, till the evil doth vanish!
Pledge, till the good prevail!
The future, my brothers, the future!
Comrade, true comrade, hail!

—*Lydia Avery Coonley*

Unity, March 3, 1898.

The Lincoln Centre Farm

On Clear Lake near Milton Junction, Wisconsin

Clear Lake is a bowl—full of clear Wisconsin water covering about 100 acres, situated within a mile and a half of Milton Junction, seven miles west of Janesville, Wis. For two years it was borrowed ground, where were sent successive relays of boys and girls from the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago for a two weeks' revel, where there were fresh air, plenty of water and good food.

Two years ago the Centre secured possession of a half-mile of shore and some thirty acres of land upon which it has erected a commodious dining-room, kitchen, servants' quarters and guests' chambers; also a model little barn, a caretaker's house and now there are being erected two wooden dormitories, simple and sanitary, to accommodate twenty cots each, with room for a chaperon.

All of this represents about $14,000 of money contributed, besides contributions in kind of two cows, woven wire fencing and gates and iron posts to enclose the whole grounds, cot-beds, springs and other furnishings. The whole is practically paid for, but $1,000 more could be well invested in perfecting the benignant plan. The anæmic children in the stuffy side streets of Chicago during the hot summer months have appealed very promptly to the hearts of donors far beyond the limits of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and we trust will continue to do so. The camp is open for two months, July and August, four relays, two of boys and two of girls, being sent.

W. D. JAMES

MISS MARY PETTIBONE JONES

W. D. HOARD

The Three Wisconsin Directors, all of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

WAITING FOR THE FINAL CALL TO SUPPER
(Joe Smith is giving it)

OUR GIRLS

LULLABY.

Be still my darling in thy rest,
All comforted with peace and blest,
My little bird in cozy nest,
Be still my darling one!—
White blossoms fall of softest sleep,
Dream-thoughts of love sweet lilies keep,
They bring thee slumbers pure and deep,—
While silent hours run on!

Be still my darling, for 'tis night,
The silver moon is shining bright,
While in my heart there burns a light—
To bless my tender one!—
So glad am I to see thee sleep,
So truly glad thy guard to keep,
For very joy I almost weep—
While pleasant hours run on!

Be still my darling, morning fair
Will brighten soon the freshened air,
And I shall rise released from care
With thee, my precious one,
All glad to see thee wake from sleep,
All glad thy precious life to keep,
To work for thee, to sow and reap—
While happy years run on!

UNITY, *June 25, 1896.* —*William Brunton.*

From Unity Hymns and Chorals—

NATURE AT WORSHIP.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

—*John G. Whittier.*

LOVE MAKES LIFE.

Not a life so mean or lowly
But, if love is there,
Both ingrowing and outflowing,
May be strong and fair.
Love for every unloved creature,
Lonely, poor or small!
Christ was born to show how truly
Love makes life for all.

Not a life so high in station
But, without love's breath,
Neither giving nor receiving,
Is a living death.
Refrain: Love for every unloved creature!

Love by love alone is ripened,
Hearts through it grow true;
Life is bounded, filled and rounded
By its power to do.
Refrain: Love for every unloved creature!

Having love, be sure to give it;
Give it, having not;
For in living through our giving
Share we Christ's own lot.
Refrain: Love for every unloved creature!

—*Ellen T. Leonard.*

SPLENDID FAILURES

We met them on the common way,
They passed and gave no sign,—
The heroes that had lost the day,
The failures half-divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory,
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

Here are earth's splendid failures, come
From glorious foughten fields;
Some bear the wounds of combat, some
Are prone upon their shields.

To us that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant, God, a triumph not too dear,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail!

—*Elizabeth C. Cardozo.*

Views on the Lincoln Centre Farm

SUNNING THEMSELVES

ROSE INN FROM THE WEST

THE NEW BARN IN THE SNOW

"COME ON IN—THE WATER'S FINE"

The Congress of Religion

The Editor of UNITY was the Secretary of the Parliament of Religions in 1893, which appointed a committee to perpetuate its influence and work. This resulted in the organization of the Congress of Religion in 1894, of which Dr. Hiram W. Thomas was the first and only President, Emil G. Hirsch, First Vice-President, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, and many of the progressive leaders in religion in America were on its executive board. It held successful congresses in connection with the expositions at Omaha, Nashville and Buffalo. Other interesting meetings were held under its auspices at Boston, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Aurora, Leland Stanford University, Tacoma, Seattle and elsewhere. The pressure of work, the preoccupations of life, and the transfiguration of such splendid leaders as Dr. Thomas, Dr. Heber Newton, John W. Chadwick and others have so reduced the working force that no initiative aggressive work has been undertaken of recent years. But the cause, and the interest in it remain. The institution is chartered to meet the exigencies of any occasion. UNITY became the organ of the Congress, rearranging its staff, and in order to better make the fresh adventure better understood, it for a while took the name of the NEW UNITY. The Congress, with the Free Religious Association of America with headquarters in Boston, and the newer Federation of Liberal Religious Societies, with headquarters in Philadelphia, are among the organized friendly cooperating bodies representing the sympathies of religion and the untrammeled fellowship which UNITY has always sought to represent and to serve.

The Chicago Peace Society

For many years the Chicago Peace Society might almost have been said to consist of Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, Jane Addams, Dr. E. G. Hirsch and Mr. Jones; but in 1908 Charles E. Beals was secured as permanent secretary, and the society bloomed at once into beauty and power. After six years of this remarkable service Mr. Beals found it necessary to retire, to the great regret and loss of Chicago, but his successor was promptly found in the efficient Louis P. Lochner. During his administration the one society became three and the triple combination of the Chicago Peace Society, the Woman's Peace Party, and the Church Peace Union, founded by Andrew Carnegie, have moved into more adequate and attractive headquarters at 116 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, where a force of five or six workers are diligently promoting the cause.

The Chicago representatives of the Church Peace Union consist of Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Prof. Shailer Mathews and Mr. Jones.

The Abraham Lincoln Centre has ever been an active center of peace propaganda. The leading advocates of peace have appeared upon its platform. It had much to do in bringing, welcoming and exploiting the remarkable visit of that remarkable woman, Baroness von Suttner. The older members of All Souls Church well remember the occasions when Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, Frederick Douglass and eminent Orientalists have spoken from its platform. Mme. Rossika Schwimmer, during her recent visit to America, profoundly moved a large audience, and the dear and gifted Fuller sisters made their plea for peace in their own unique and beautiful way.

Mr. Jones at the present writing is kept busy in speaking for peace under the auspices of the Carnegie Peace Foundation. His itinerary has already reached from San Francisco to Philadelphia. Those desiring to organize peace demonstrations and wishing to secure the services of Mr. Jones will address H. S. Haskell, 407 West 117th Street, New York City.

At the dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre the white bordered banner was given to the breeze by the children of the Sunday School and it has floated there ever since. It drapes the pulpit on all fitting occasions, and through the advocacy of Mr. Jones and the example of Lincoln Centre it is exploited by several of the public schools of Chicago and other places.

The "White Bordered Banner," written for the dedication, has been widely promulgated and will be found at the end of the peace program used in All Souls Church on Decoration Day and which is printed below as a suggestion to those wishing to hold similar services.

"THE BLOOD OF THE NATION"

"That the death of the strong (by war) is a true cause of the decline of nations is a fact beyond cavil or question."—*David Starr Jordan.*

Ah! while we praise the god of war,
And call it glory men have won,
We think not of the cruel scar—
That marks the people so undone;
It robs the sheepfold of the sheep;
It robs the home of heroes strong;
It gives the best to death's dark sleep,
And turns to silence sweetest song;
The nations die with those who die,
We weep and wail and wonder why!

We are bewitched with show of things,
The falsest finery men have worn,
For monster war the poet sings,
Who should have scorned it with his scorn;
The butchery of bloody deed,
The decimating ranks of pride,
Should be denounced for all to read,
And sorrow shown for those who died;
The world's grand way of joy's increase
Is by the paths of splendid peace!

—*William Brunton.*

Unity, January 29, 1903.

UNITY.

The sight of nations crossing seas
To sing the Song of God,
To lift loud-sounding symphonies
In man's New World abode—
What cheer to faith
The vision hath!

They come from all the Northern zones,
"From India's coral strands";
The distant islands lent their tones
And every Southern land.
Joy to the earth,
'Tis Hope's new birth!

Hand reaches hand, heart beats to heart,
Man's kinship is confessed;
Nor race nor name shall e'er dispart
This Unity so blest.
For love makes one,
And hate is gone!

—*John C. Learned.*

The Abraham Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church

Corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Ave., Chicago
JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Minister and Head Resident

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.
—*Isaiah, II, 4.*

We here highly resolve * * * that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. —*Abraham Lincoln.*

Peace Service by the Congregation and Sunday School, Decoration Day, 11 a. m., May 30, 1915.

I. Organ Prelude. Sonata for Organ, op. 65....
.....*F. Mendelssohn*

II. Hymn 281.....*Lyons, 52, Unity Hymns and Chorals*

Hear, hear, O ye Nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of today!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns the new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

Home, altar and school, the mill and the mart.
The workers afield, in science, in art,
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create
The manifold life of the firm-builded State.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;
Then justice prevail and, the battle-flags furled,
The High Court of Nations give law to the world.

And thou, O my Country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good-will!
—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

III. Poem. A Prayer of the Peoples.. *Percy Mackaye*

IV. "Lovely Appear".....
Music from Gounod's "Redemption"

Lovely appear over the mountain
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace,
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace,
Chorus Repeat.

V. Responsive Reading.

O God thou hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain on the broad sea;

Thou in whom our fathers hoped, and were not confounded.

O helper of the helpless, and stronger than the strong, remember all who are in distress of mind, body, or estate; succor them according to their need.

Father of all the nations of the earth, strengthen law and order won by the struggles of man through countless generations.

Show pity upon all suffering souls and tortured bodies, make wars to cease upon the earth.

Lord be thou our strength within, and our guard without.

We pray for all races of mankind, for every nation, creed, color and tongue.

Lord we beseech thee enlighten the dark places of earth and turn wild men into the way of peace.

We pray for the downfall of every tyranny and for the order and freedom that brings peace;

For the spirit of Justice for all those who make laws and for all Thy children who suffer from tyranny and injustice.

When wrong is strong and the cry of the oppressed goes up, help us our Father to make the peril and the suffering ours and work rejoicingly with Thee to make our earth Thy heaven.

Open our eyes to receive new light, and our ears to hear the voices that are calling us to make the world new by love.

God save the United States of America! save her from greed and corruption; save her from pride and presumption; save her from tyrants and misrule.

Save her for the people and the future; save her to be a school for freedom and a home for the oppressed.

Deliver us from war and the menace of war.
Make this Republic a peace-maker and a hope to the world.

Deepen the root of our life in everlasting righteousness.

May righteousness be the girdle of our power, and by Justice may our commonwealth be established.

VI. Prayer. All Unite.

Our Father, through the discords of the day may we hear the sad, sweet music of eternity. Above the clouds of battle smoke may we catch the rays of the eternal sun still shining. Beneath the bitterness of war may we discover the harmonies of peace.

The cry of the soldier is of the hour; the prayer of the mother is of the ages. Free us, Father, from the blindness and bitterness and foolishness that believe that violence is more potent for justice than gentleness. Forbid that the distinctions of creed, of race, color or language should limit our vision, harden our hearts, or make bitter our spirit against any of Thy children.

O God, muster us into the larger brotherhood, enable us to hold our ground on the battle lines where love and not hate is the inspiration. Give us as a nation, power to endure, and if need be, to die unarmed like Jesus on cross-crowned Calvary, rather than to wield in the name of the God of love the sword of violence.

Father, make us citizens of the world, citizens in the kingdom of love that knows no boundary lines. May our "chosen land" be the land of peace where the kingdom of the righteous is established and the rule of the loving is supreme. *Amen.*

VII. "Our Father," Chanted.

VIII. A Universal Creed. All Unite.

We trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth. We trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work. And we will strive to love Him and to keep His law, and to see His work while we live.

We trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, and fullness of its mercy and the joy of its love; and we will strive to love our neighbors as ourselves.

We will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, to guard and to perfect all natural beauty on the earth.

We will obey all the laws of our country faithfully, so far as they are consistent with what we believe to be the Law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, we will oppose them, not with violence, but deliberately and loyally.

We will strive daily to raise body and soul into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in contention with others, but for the help, delight and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of our own lives.

We will labor with such strength and opportunity as God gives us for our daily bread; and all that our hands find to do, we will do with our might.—*John Ruskin.*

IX. A Hymn of Peace..... .....*S. B. Whitney, p. 185*

With steadfast hearts we're marching on,
Peace on the earth to gain;
Our snow-white banners sweep the sky:
Who follows in our train?

With steadfast hearts we're marching on;
We battle not in vain,
For, pure in heart, our strength is great:
Who follows in our train?

With steadfast hearts we're marching on;
Love o'er the world shall reign,
And Justice sit upon her throne:
Who follows in our train?

With steadfast hearts we're marching on;
Take up the glad refrain,
Till all the earth with one accord
Shall follow in our train!

—*Althea A. Ogden.*

X. Class Exercises.

1.	Hugo Grotius	April 10, 1583—Aug. 28, 1645
2.	George Fox	July, 1624—Jan. 13, 1691
3.	William Penn	Oct. 14, 1644—July 30, 1718
4.	Immanuel Kant	April 22, 1724—Feb. 12, 1804
5.	Noah Worcester	Nov. 25, 1758—Oct. 31, 1837
6.	William Ellery Channing	April 7, 1780—Oct. 2, 1842
7.	Lucretia Mott	Jan. 3, 1793—Nov. 11, 1880
8.	Victor Hugo	Feb. 26, 1802—May 22, 1885
9.	Ralph Waldo Emerson	May 25, 1803—April 27, 1882
10.	John Bright	Nov. 16, 1811—March 27, 1889
11.	Charles Sumner	Jan. 6, 1811—March 11, 1874
12.	Julia Ward Howe	May 27, 1819—Oct. 17, 1911
13.	Lyof Tolstoy	Aug. 28, 1828—Nov. 20, 1910
14.	Baroness Bertha von Suttner	June 9, 1843—June 21, 1914

XI. Children's Chorus. "Let Us Have Peace."

George Graff, Jr., and Ernest R. Ball
(M. Wilmark & Sons, Publishers.)

XII. Sermon. From Aristophanes' "Peace" to Beulah Dix's "Moloch," 421 B. C.-1915 A. D.

XIII. "Five Souls"..... .....*Lincoln Centre Glee Club*

XIV. Offertory. Universal Hymns.

XV. Hymn. The White Bordered Banner.

Our stars and our stripes are now bordered with white,
To justice and peace all the nations inviting,
'Tis the emblem of love giving might to the right,
All the races and creeds in truth's service uniting.
Not by powder and ball, but through love's higher call
Will the merciful banner yet wave over all.
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, God's children to save!
"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—'In God is our trust!'"
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, God's children to save!

—*J. Ll. J.*

XVI. Benediction.

XVII. Organ Postlude. Hallelujah Chorus, from the "Messiah" .....*Handel*

XVIII. Social Greeting.

THE PULPIT

Decoration Day Sermon

From Aristophanes' "Peace" to Beulah M. Dix's "Moloch"
421 B. C.—1915 A. D.

Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre May 30, 1915

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

Sermon.

Dear Friends: My sermon is preached and still there is more to say. These simple, unpremeditated and untrained exercises by the children have been a demonstration rather than an argument, have been an illustration of what started the growth, sustained the strength and dictated the purposes of those men who are today honored, though most of them are resting in unnamed graves. The highest that the most of them were able to reach in the way of an earthly monument has been a little square block of marble with a number on it. But there are many, many others whose bones fertilize the soil, to free which they died. Their triumph was complete. But the cause for which these men enlisted, served and died is still unrealized. The true soldiers that enlisted in the army for the Union singing, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong," are still on duty. They have not been discharged. So I want to talk to you for a few moments of two interpretations of war given by two geniuses far removed from one another.

Twenty-four hundred years lie between the date of Aristophanes, the great Greek Comedian, and that of Beulah M. Dix, the woman hand that penned the mighty protest against war which most of you have witnessed at Powers Theatre during the last two weeks.

Aristophanes came when Greece was distintegrating, when her genius was fading, when her potency was dying, dying from the simple, plain cause that has killed civilizations in all times, that has broken the power of nations in all ages. Greece, with all the pride, pomp and achievement of her art and her philosophy died from war. Greece fell at the hands of her own generals. For when they aspired to

earthly dominion and sought to extend the boundaries of their political geography and inflamed political ambitions and hatreds, they caused the death of even Greece. Aristophanes has not given us a comedy in the modern sense. Symonds, the great interpreter, calls it a "scenic allegory," in which a rustic, a trimmer of the vines, a plower of the soil, feeling the horrible disintegration, seeing the terrible waste and suffering wrought by war, seeks an interview with Zeus; following a suggestion of Æsop he rose on the wings of a beetle to the abode of the gods, for only a beetle had been able to ascend into heaven, but when he got there he found the heavenly colony had moved. They had gone higher and further away from the discordant noises of earth. They sought escape from the cries and sufferings of the Grecian people, and left only Mercury in charge to take care of the utensils. They had given way to the terrible god Mars. When this rustic asked the whereabouts of the blessed Queen, the holy Goddess of Peace, he was told that she was confined in a dungeon below, and that Mars reigned supreme. Trygæus sought to arouse the heavenly forces, the disembodied spirits, as best he might, to lift the lid from off the cistern wherein the Queen of Heaven, the Goddess of Peace, was confined. He attached the ropes and called for assistance. He called upon the armor makers, the spear makers, the crest makers, the sword makers, the generals and the soldiers for help, but although they may have laid hold of the ropes, they did not pull together, often pulling apart, and nothing was accomplished towards releasing the Goddess of Peace. At last discouraged he turned to the horny-handed men of toil, the farmers, the rustics upon whose shoulders rested most heavily the burden of war, and they laid hold of the ropes with right good will, and with a mighty heave ho! heave ho! lifted the lid and Peace came forth. He was enabled to lead her from the dungeon and restore her supremacy on earth. But the triumph of Peace provoked the armor makers, the spear makers, the helmet makers, etc., etc., because he had taken away their living. Their "prosperity" was marred and their "business" was interrupted.

It is twenty-four hundred years nearly since Aristophanes called for the help of the rustics, sought the co-operation of the toilers, to lift the lid and release the Goddess of Peace. And still, after twenty-four hundred years these toilers of the soil, they who still bear the greatest burdens of war, have not been able to lift the lid. Still the devastation of homes and gardens and orchards goes on, to an extent undreamed of by the satiric poet of Athens.

In these latter days Trygæus, who still pleads for peace, has made one more call, he has turned now to the women, the mothers, the wives and the sisters. His plea is interpreted in "Moloch," the latest of dramas, the most modern of conceptions, by Beulah M. Dix. War is the same old horror, it is the same old devastation, it is the same old indignity to man and insult to God. For now as then, the destroyers of life, the foes of women, those who orphan children, do as they did in Athens; lift impious voices to the God above. They have the impiety to thrust their "cause" into the hand of the Eternal. It is the same old cry and the same old agony. Still mothers' hearts are wrung, and still children cry in vain for the "daddy" who never returns. All this is portrayed with marvelous power in this last work of genius, which some of us have submitted ourselves to the agony of witnessing. I stand here as one who knows something of war experiences, to testify to its awful truthfulness, to its absolute loyalty to the grim facts.

But the sermon both of Aristophanes' "Peace" and this latest drama, "Moloch," lies not chiefly in the fact that they bring out so forcibly the horrible waste of material resources, the vandal destruction of orchards and homes. The worst offence is not the mangling of human bodies and the breaking up of firesides. There is something worse than "widow's weeds" in war, something more pitiable than the cries of orphans, something infinitely sadder than crippled bodies, mangled legs and arms.

In this drama of "Moloch," the younger son, jubilant in the inspirations of war, rejoicing in his lieutenant's commission, joyously tears himself from the arms of his mother. She believes he is going to serve his country and his God, she frets because the collar of his new uniform might irritate his neck. But as he goes her mother's heart asserts itself and she cried in tones not readily forgotten, "My little boy! My little boy!! My little boy!!" This boy came back, as he said, chained for life to his wheeled chair, a paralyzed cripple, rendered such by the balls of the enemy. But the older brother, a gentleman of culture and refinement, a loving father, a loyal husband, an appreciative friend of science and of the scientific man, the devoted doctor who had saved the life of his little son; this well-beloved gentleman came back with a wrecked character, with a stained soul, a man of dissipated habits. The case of this elder son is immeasurably sadder than that of the younger brother.

Back of all this is the still sadder wreck of national ideals, the loss of ethical aspirations. The man who encouraged the student from "foreign" parts to pursue the life saving inspirations of science, with profane indignation, brutality put that same comrade of the spirit out of life by the horrible weapons of war.

The drama closes with another grim suggestion. The little boy runs across the stage, crying, "The soldiers! the soldiers are coming!" with childish enthusiasm. And now, alas! the soldiers are being marshalled once more as the allies of those who in the previous war they considered "degenerate," wretched and wicked "foreigners." The far-reaching disintegration of spiritual ideals that always follows in the wake of war is the greatest offence to humanity and the greatest humiliation of today. This breakdown of ideals reaches far beyond the farthest flight of the greatest cannon.

I stand today humiliated and torn with the sense of how our own country has degenerated within the short ten months. How low and coarse have our ideals become. How proud we once were of our neutrality, how high we were above the contentions, how we endorsed and thanked the Lord for a President that would keep us out of the vortex of racial prejudices and national hatred. We boasted of a neutrality we felt that we believed in.

This last week our papers have been teeming with proud figures of the great "acquisitions" to our "business interests," because of the millions upon millions of dollars that are coming to our shores for munitions of war. The weapons with which other people will destroy life. We are keeping the letter of neutrality

that we may violate it most wickedly in the spirit. Whole armories are being forwarded to "somebody." During our onw Civil War those who carried on war "on their own hook" were characterized by the ignominious name of guerrillas. Over there in Europe, those who indulge in undirected "sniping" are considered beyond the realm of military law, and unworthy of military courtesy. But here we read complacently and perhaps with pride of our great mills denuding themselves of the instruments that make for peace, installing instead the accursed machinery that will turn out cartridges, shrapnel and cannon by the million dollars' worth. Here in Chicago we are changing our mills, rearranging our machinery that we may send across the water that which will tear human flesh. Not because we are in sympathy with the Allies, not because we have a conscience in the matter, but because it is "good business" and will bring "prosperity." We rejoice in the hundreds of thousands of horses that are being gathered from Texas to Oregon, in the saddles and harness and blankets and the bayonets and the muskets, that it is "perfectly legitimate for us to deal in because it brings business." All of this indicates the depravity of war, the subtle, pervasive, undermining of ideals—the degradation of national aspirations and honor. For, mind you, this war, as all other wars of modern times at least, has not been brought about by dissipated and dissolute leaders. The Kaiser, Czar, Kings and President involved are clean and honorable men. Doubtless they are swayed by what to them are perfectly legitimate and conscientious motives. They are the victims of a vicious philosophy. They are impaled on the pikes of a false enthusiasm. It is not true that humanitarian interests and the cause of progress are tied up with the identity and persistency of any political organization or "land" described by geographical boundaries. It is quite true that Germany and England, Russia and France are doomed, as the great dynasties of the past have been doomed, if they trust their future to the power of protecting their boundaries and keeping distinct and making permanent those conditions that separate them from their kind. Nations have gone down, but humanity has gone on. And they have all gone down in the last analysis from the one cause, always the devastating tramp of the soldier. Always the blinding flash of the sword, always the "pride of country" degenerating into aristocratic tyranny. From Alexander down to Bismarck there has been written the same story of temporary triumphs and permanent defeat of "national glory," to the confusion of human progress.

Oh, I am glad that we have been compelled to look at the performance of this drama called "Moloch"—too horribly true to be well attended. I do not wonder the attendance is small. And I am very glad that two weeks from today the children to whom you have been listening this morning are, under the direction of Mr. Kuhns, to interpret on this platform Aristophanes' great allegory, for both performances teach the same lesson. Across the distances of twenty-four centuries two poets, a man and a woman, make the same plea for universal brotherhood in the belief that the bonds that unite are at least as strong, as long, as deep, and as high as humanity.

I said that modern wars are based on a false psychology, the assumption that a nation is something permanent, static, with fixed boundaries, an entity. A nation is no such thing and never has been. A nation at best is a stream, a flowing tide of human life that for a time may keep within reasonably well defined boundaries; but the water in the stream is constantly changing, enriched or impoverished by waters filtered through a thousand rills from the highlands of other territories and other countries, carrying with them new prides, new hopes, and new aspirations, enriching language, modifying character, and enlarging ideals.

A recent issue of the London *Nation* has reached me which contains a *scenario* of what it calls a "play possible sometime in the future." The leading characters are Bertha Krupp, her husband and his American kinsman,—a wealthy business man of Philadelphia. This Bertha Krupp is brought forward in this scheme to be crowned as "Queen of Cannon" throughout the world. The nations of the world come one after another to lay their fell tributes at her feet. Austria, Germany, France, Russia and England confess that in the last analysis this woman, the greatest stockholder and practically the head of the most devilish industry ever perfected on earth,—perfectly overwhelming in its power and statistics,—is the arbiter of their destiny. She is crowned "Queen of Cannon." At her feet, King, Kaiser, Czar and President, bend in abject servility. The cannon makers, inspired not by love of country but by love of greed, are the ultimate measures of strength in this as in other wars.

One of the items in this morning's paper tells of thousands of cannon that have been contracted for from the works at Bethlehem. Bethelehm! Bethlehem! Think of it. A city bearing the same name as the hamlet where the Prince of Peace was born. What a satire on our Christianity. The Bethlehem in Pennsylvania in this contract bargains for the production of thousands and thousands of cannon. Who will dare sing the angel song next Christmas, when even the United States, the hope of the nations, the child of such anguish, the home of so many trusting souls, grows "independent" and "rich" and "prosperous" by playing guerrilla warfare, just as the guerrillas in the South during the Civil War haunted the flanks of one army, then another, and picked off, one here and one there, as their own passion might dictate? The United States is "sniping" today, and I would lose my faith in my country if it were not for the fact that there is here and there a contractor who rises above the temptation of greed, which is the last temptation of modern warfare, and says, "No. I want business, but not such devilish business as this. Our mills may go down and I will go to the poorhouse if need be, but I will not play the guerrilla in this lamentable war. I, at least, will not go 'sniping.'"

It is poor consolation offered by the press that the American contribution is but an infinitesimal portion of the munition actually used. Only a fraction! I do not care about the decimal point. Every shrapnel that crosses the water is designed for a gun to be pointed at human beings. It is destined to go screeching through the air calling for human blood. Somewhere in the large accounting of the Eternal, the hand that helped make that shrapnel is party to that killing. I know it is complicated bookkeeping. I do not try to trace it, but however complicated, however involved international law may be, the command "Thou

shalt not kill" is written deep in the laws of the Eternal, and written so plain that the simplest child can read it and understand.

Again, I remember that this is Memorial Day, and this is my tribute to the comrades with whom I marched, with whom I hungered and suffered. I believe that in this frank confession I do most honor to my comrades. I believe that in bringing here today these blossoms of your fireside, and enabling you to listen to their lispings of the gospel of love and their tribute to the great peace heroes of modern history, I have given you a Memorial Service more fitting than if I had "shouldered my crutch and showed how fields were won," or told the stories of valor and self-denial to which I was witness.

Indulge me a little longer while I say in conclusion that the heroism of the battle field is always cheaper, poorer, lower than the unrecognized heroism of the farm and the fireside. Oh, it is easy to be "brave" when you touch elbows in the line, when the flags are flying and glory seems to lure you on, when disgrace dogs the faint of heart. It takes greater courage to keep your mouth shut sometimes than to speak. It takes greater courage to hold your temper than to yield to it. It is a higher nobility to abide by the law of love than to yield to the inspirations of hate. I glory today with you in the heroes that the children have brought to our attention, and ask you to continue your interest and sympathy in their endeavors. I don't know how to do it, but I hope before many months have elapsed that in the Abraham Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church, you men and women, will find some way or other of putting yourselves more effectively on record. I want a Peace Society perpetually within these walls.

There is no permanency for Russia, or England, or Germany, or these United States except as they make common cause with these prophets of peace. Because there are no geographic lines that are eternal. There are no race lines that are everlasting.

Today Charles Sumner's prophetic soul was justified when that little black boy spoke his sweet tribute to him. That scene was natural in this place. There was nothing done here for stage effect. It is the habit of this church. And should this church ever become an aristocracy that would exclude color, race, or rank in society, then I go out with the ostracised. There is where I belong.

With reverent hands I lay my wreaths on the graves of those who fought in the noblest war ever marshalled, and who triumphed as high as soldiers may in the interest of humanity; but we now all know that it was the wrong way, the very, very wrong way of doing the right thing, and the real battle of freedom and justice is being fought out fifty years after the surrender at Appomattox with the weapons of love. the administrations of law, at the courts of reason.

Father, may the benedictions of the peaceful, the power of the loving, help us to serve and save this land of ours, to help forward Thy children, our brothers and sisters of all climes, races and conditions and at last bring us together in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Amen.

"You can never tell how far an apparently insignificant bit of good work may spread, for it is like a stone thrown into the water in the endless succession of ripples."—*Katherine Tingley.*

THE ERRAND IMPERIOUS

Proud England brooding on the days to come—
Mother of peoples and of song undying—
Hears in all lands the doubling of her drum,
Sees on all winds of the world her lone flag flying.

And Russia, young, barbaric in her power,
With untried tendons, cramped in all her length,
Chafing in snowy lair, dreams of the hour
When she shall loose on Earth her hairy strength.

And Germany, whose blond intrepid might
Once sent her Saxon fire on every land,
Hears the great Labor Angel down the night,
Crying, "Behold, my judgments are at hand!"

And elder kingdoms by the Midland Sea,
Whose every crag has burned with battle fire,
Feel the young pulses of the days to be,
And hear far voices call them to aspire.

But harken, my America, my own,
Great Mother, with the hill-flower in your hair!
Diviner is that light you bear alone,
That dream that keeps your face forever fair.

Imperious is your errand and sublime,
And that which binds you is Orion's band.
For some large Purpose, since the youth of Time,
You were kept hidden in the Lord's right hand.

You were kept hidden in a secret place,
With white Sierras, white Niagaras—
Hid under stalwart stars in this far space,
Ages ere Tadmor or the man of Uz.

'Tis yours to bear the World-State in your dream,
To strike down Mammon and his brazen breed,
To build the Brother-Future, beam on beam;
Yours, mighty one, to shape the Mighty Deed.

The armed heavens lean down to hear your fame,
America: rise to your high-born part!
The thunders of the sea are in your name,
The splendors and the terrors in your heart.

—*Edwin Markham.*

OUR COUNTRY.

"O Beautiful, my Country!"
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our Country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem!

1884. —*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVII.
John

God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth. —iv:24.

In studying the Gospel of John we come to what is as yet an unsolved problem to a vast number of otherwise free minded Christians. The so-called "higher criticism" has won out in the Protestant Church in regard to the Old Testament, but in analyzing the New Testament there is much more of "Christian" sensitiveness, spiritual timidity and religious anxiety, because criticism concerns itself with the person, the mission and the office of "the Christ." In spite of the libraries of comment on the "Johannine Literature" already written, the subject has not yet been beaten to the clear. It is yet, even to scholars, a difficult matter to disentangle the very complex life, spiritual, religious, political, social and military, of the first century B. C. and the first century A. D. Jewish unity and Jewish dominance fade more and more and Greek and Roman influences invade the mind of this time as well as the territory. We see the Christianity of the first and second centuries slipping its moorings of Jewish origin and environment, sailing out into the Mediterranean, into the Greek and Roman world, until finally even the crew is not Jewish but Gentile. In thought it was Hellenic, but in organization it was Roman. So when we come to the end of the first century, the gospel ship is manned practically by Roman, who hadle the ropes, and directed by Greeks, the captains of thought.

We now realize that all four Gospels are anonymous. According to the oldest manuscripts none of them claim the authorship now attached to them. The "According to Matthew," etc., was probably added by the Catholic Fathers for psychological reasons along in the fourth and fifth centuries. The first and oldest biography is Mark, written probably in Rome; the next Matthew, with probably a Palestinian atmosphere; and the third Luke, written between 80 and 90, somewhere in Macedonia in a Greek atmosphere but under Hebrew influences.

The consensus of opinion of both liberal and orthodox scholarship puts John into the second century, 125 A. D. being the conservative date, 150 to 175 the radical. It requires a very alert and active mind to realize the development in thought of theology and philosophy in the hundred years following the death of Jesus, which period included the devastating, "Belgium experiences" of Palestine.

A knowledge of Philo will help in an appreciation of the Gospel of John. Philo, a learned Jew, lived at Alexandria, the cultural capital of the world of that time. He flourished about fifty years before Jesus was born. While a good Jew he was also an enthusiast in Greek culture. He had read the Greek poets, knew his Plato and, as a scholar, loved both Greek and Hebrew literature and tried to reconcile them, feeling that, understood aright, they taught the same lessons. Philo taught of one Supreme Being working his purposes in the world through his delegated messengers, the emanations of the Greek, the incarnations of the Oriental and the "Logos" of Plato, the "Word," the "Idea," the Eternal working through Ideas. Philo accepting this, believed Moses to be an emanation from Jehovah for the Jew, and Zeus for the Greek. So he wrote his five learned volumes in which he read into the Pentateuch his Greek philosophy; in other words, he theosophized the story of the Old Testament.

After a hundred years of history, Christianity was ready to theosophize its thinking, the Christ being the last and highest "Emanation" from the Infinite. In the first eighteen verses of John we have a bit of Greek philosophy injected into Christian faith and hope, a mystical interpretation of Christianity as it then stood. The Gospel of John is a great poem which theosophizes the story of the Nazarene, lifts it out of the normal, natural and human and hangs it up midway between earth and heaven, portraying a supernatural projection of the Infinite in human form, to further the purposes of the Infinite, to save an unregenerate world, to win humanity to paths of peace and righteousness and love, lifting the movement above all earthly fetters and placing it in the ideal realms of philosophy and faith.

Two words interpret this Gospel, theosophy and mysticism. Theosophy, a modern word to indicate a tendency that projects the thought of the infinite and the eternal into the things of time and space, very soothing and heavenly if allowed to remain in the realm of the ideal, very exasperating and perhaps hurtful when you try to squeeze it into the realm of dogma and the external. Says Professor Foster, "Religion, all religion, must at last take shelter in mysticism." Mysticism is not a fantastic creation of the imagination, but that which tries to interpret things in terms of spirit rather than of matter.

The old-fashioned Unitarian was fully persuaded that Jesus was not God, that the Trinity was a recent invention, and that there was no justification for other interpretation of the New Testament. But in this Johannine literature we see the man of Nazareth, the human brother who wept over wayward Jerusalem, comforted the sick and taught those matchless lessons in the Sermon on the Mount and in the Parables, already being lifted out of his humanity. The human investment is being forgotten, and he is being transformed by the metaphysics of the Platonists and impressed by the morals of the stoics and those extra Judaic influences which are taking him on his way to the Trinity. By 325 A. D., the date of the Nicæan Council, he was enthroned on high with the Father and the Holy Ghost, who are woven together into the mystery of the Trinity, meeting the metaphysical and psychological need of that time in the complex something then forming, which we call Christianity, which needs must be made up of many differing elements poured into it; first the Palestine element, then the Greek and Hebrew, under which Paul was born, later the element of military Rome, and lastly a strong philosophic, theosophic mysticism from Alexandria, giving us by the fifth century the orthodoxy of our day.

As a matter of fact we find the Fourth Gospel quite independent of the other three, which practically tell the same story, with variations, of the Galilean ministry of Jesus. If a John chronology were possible, this ministry would spread over three years instead of one. This writer, without stopping for a pedigree, starts with the story of John, the Forerunner, to whom the Messiah presents himself, the divine manifestation coming at baptism in the form of a dove, and his ministry starts immediately with the Twelve ready at hand. Only eight per cent of the material in John is paralleled in the other gospels and it is practically a new interpretation of the life of Jesus; such an interpretation as fitted into the thought and need and enthusiasm of the movement a hundred years after the death of Jesus.

This writer must have had access to oral traditions not available to the other three writers, which the Fathers naturally ascribed to the Beloved Disciple. We have a little Testament inside the New Testament, the Fourth Gospel, John I, II and III and the book of Revelation, five books gathered round the name of John, written under the same kind of influence, the Epistles, perhaps fifty years later than the Gospel. It is hard to ascribe all this literature to John except on the hypothesis that he lived a very long, long time. Robert Browning in his "Death in the Desert" has used this conception and worked it out in a startlingly poetic way. Tradition says that John became Bishop of Ephesus and died there, and it is not unlikely Ephesus was the seat of this Johannine literature.

What I value most, what has given me most comfort, and what I have used most often of the unique material in John, is the episode of the Samaritan Woman at the well, wherein we see the extreme radicalism of Jesus. There is printed as an appendix at the end of the Gospel of John in the Twentieth Century New Testament—which is left out entirely in the Revised, because found only in some ancient manuscripts, sometimes found in John and sometimes in Luke—the story of the woman caught in adultery. It is an addition, but mighty good gospel and very characteristic of the spirit and purpose of the message as John saw it.

John is full of miracles. The book was written at a time when people had no sense of natural law. Everything was miraculous, a direct and immediate projection of the Infinite. We could not expect the story of Jesus to come to us in any other way than aided by miracles, which show the wonderful fertility of the human imagination.

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(1) What books of the New Testament are ascribed to John.
(2) How much material in the Gospel of John is paralleled in the other Gospels?
(3) Who was Philo and what were his teachings?
(4) What influence is seen in the first eighteen verses of John's Gospel?
(5) Give story of the Samaritan woman at the well.

"Let the lives of the little ones be moulded so that they will become better citizens than you or I. Let us cultivate a higher spirit of patriotism, a higher spirituality, and a greater spirit of brotherly love."—*Katherine Tingley.*

PAVING THE WAY

It is a humble task, perhaps you say,
"Paving the way";
Most, thus, we bless the feet that are to come
Following us home.
"The way" leads toward a higher good—toward God;
Built ere it's trod;
It makes the work of many a patient soul;
But as a whole,
It means the strong life of the race in quest
Of all that's best.
To labor on this highway falls to thee,
Brave UNITY,
And for thy sweet and beauteous birthday gift
I bid thee lift
The burden of thy privileged toil anew
Strong—faithful—true.

—*Mary Stebbins Savage.*

Unity, March 3, 1898.

FLOWER WONDER

Just the scantiest of soil for rooting,
Just the homeliest of plain brown seeds,
And the common air and summer sunshine,
That is all the little daisy needs.

To repeat the old, old flower-wonder,
Ever new and every morning told,
Cup of green and petals pure as lilies
Washed in dew, with heart of yellow gold.

Shall the flower shame my human courage?
What if life be narrow in its hour?
Gate of gifts, in swinging on its hinges,
Never failed to leave the daisy's dower.

And I bide my blossom-time in patience
Till I learn to pray the daisy's prayer,
Asking only wit to change to petals
That which waits my seeking everywhere.

—*Evelyn H. Walker.*

Unity, July 7, 1898.

WHO WERT, AND ART, AND EVER MORE SHALT BE

Bring, O Morn, thy music! Night, thy starlit silence!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and planets chorus, Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life and Death, thy creatures, praise thee, mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree:
Lo, they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws our spirit to thy Spirit yearning,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

From Unity Hymns and Chorals. —*William C. Gannett.*

"The one terrible and only cause of disturbance of harmony is selfishness."—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

MON.—Each true deed is worship: it is prayer,
And carries its own answer unaware.

TUES.—More than white incense circling to the dome
Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent home.

WED.—The memory of good deeds will ever stay,
A lamp to light us on the darkened way.

THURS.—We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

FRI.—O friend, we never choose the better part,
Until we set the Cross up in the heart.

SAT.—There is a Sacred Something on all ways—
Something that watches through the Universe;
One that remembers, reckons and repays,
Giving us love for love, and curse for curse.

— *Edwin Markham.*

Early Days in the Life of Joaquin Miller

Pioneer Life in Indiana

Each head of a family could locate 160 acres of land. The price was $1.25 an acre. But the land laws were primitive and pretty severe in these early days and you must not only have the money in hand at the time the land came into market, but you must have two reliable witnesses to "prove up"—that is, to prove that you had built a house and made a home in it for more than a year. As there was a feeling against greased paper for windows, you were required to prove that you had glass in the windows.

When papa stopped working at the mill, after about four months, he went to Marion, the county seat of our Grant County, and got some panes of glass. At the same time he got two little dry goods boxes and from one of these whittled out a sash. One day a good-natured old neighbor from Tennessee, by the name of Billy Fields, seeing papa whittling away at his sash, said:

"All nonsense, Squire, all waste of time."

"But the law says we must have glass in the windows."

"Well, what's the matter with setting an old bottle or two in your window; plenty of men to swear you have got glass in your window."

The last winter had been a hard one and packs of big gray wolves had crossed the ice and come down from the north into our neighborhood. As the Indians did not hunt much any more, having plenty of money, the wolves became bold, even dangerous. One night as papa was coming home they got after him. We boys, who had gone to meet him as usual, heard him calling for mother, and we took up the cry of terror. Mother came almost at once with a big hickory bark torch, held high as she ran, and the wolves shrank back. Poor papa was sadly broken and was ill for a long time.

He was well enough pretty soon, however, to pull and cure the flax and help pick and comb the wool for mother to card into rolls and spin for her loom. The wool in those days was awful. Burs and beggar lice stuck to the sheep that ran in the woods at will, till they were almost black. And this had to be picked out by hand. But we little fellows, all three, could pick wool now. And this we did by the light of the wood fire, where one little head after another nodded and nodded till it could hold up no longer, but sank to rest on the wool. Then some one would pick up the little sleeper and lay him gently away in the trundle bed. For we no longer slept in the big bed with our parents.

The flax was not so troublesome, nor do you have to plant it, and plough it, and hoe it, as you do corn. You have to pull it in due season, shake the earth from the roots and lay it in a swath in the sun and rain till the pith or stalk becomes brittle and shrinks loose from the fibre. Then you must break it in the flax brake, a handful at a time. Then you must hackle it on an iron hackle, so as to get the pith all out, then you must comb and curry it till it is ready for the distaff of the little spinning wheel. Mother had to have flax to make warp for the woof of her bolt of cloth to be made on the loom; then to be marketed at Marion, the only town then within many a mile.

Papa sold all the increase of the sheep and the two calves to the Indians and got some money for mother's "nest egg" that way and mother raised many chickens and disposed of the same to the tribe. Once, when we two boys went with papa, we took too much care of the poor hens, as the day was cold and raw, and smothered three of them. Papa did not count them, so the promised four dozen fell short. But the Indians counted the dead ones all the same, and paid for them. Still, for all that could be done, it seemed almost impossible to get all the money together for the land.

In this dilemma papa got a good old Irishman, who had a big family of boys, to take sixty acres and pay him $50 for the privilege. This left us only 100 acres; but then it left only $75 more to raise, and with what we had in hand, selling the pigs and mother's big bolt of cloth and so on, the money was all secured and he set out for Fort Wayne, the land office, with Billy Fields and Lorenzo Jacobs, who also had to "prove up," as witnesses, and so the land at last was secured

Soon after this a big raw-boned man in a beaver hat, with a hatchet face, came to us by the way of the Big State road not far away, with a load of clocks in a carriage. He had a big impertinent boy with him, and he pleaded sadly that both he and his boy were sick.

Mother was very good to them; pulled out the trundle bed to the middle of the floor, had us children get back in the foot of the bed as before, and treated them as if they had been her own blood.

But they both wailed and moaned bitterly, and begged papa to take the clocks, and at his leisure dispose of them to his neighbors. There was a whole carriage load of them, but in the double and treble assurance that he could double or treble his money on them, my confiding papa, not knowing one thing about the real price or value of such wares, signed a note and once more became a "merchant."

Let me get rid of that hatchet-faced wretch right

here, for, un-Christian as it is, I hate him yet. He came at the end of the year, exacting his money with enormous interest, although papa had not sold a single one of the old clocks. Jacobs came forward and took up the note generously, and tore it up, for mother was crying; but we were in debt again, and papa had to struggle on and teach and toil as before.

When we set out to cross the plains years later these old clocks, still on hand, all save a single one, took up more than half the wagon bed. We hauled them almost to the top of the Rocky Mountains, and then one night in a terrific snowstorm, when the wagon upset and we needed the old clocks for kindling wood, they were, brass, glass, and varnish, all cremated: Peace to their sounding brass; rest to their brazen faces!

But to get back among the Indians of Indiana; papa had brought two little dry goods boxes from Marion. One he had made into window sash. We boys kept wondering what he was going to do with the other. He kept it in the smoke house, and once when we found him in there all alone, when he thought we were down at the creek catching crawfish, we found him busy in there fixing rockers on the little box. We were delighted with the idea, and, asking him what it was for, he timidly and with some confusion, said it was to be a cradle for little Jimmy.

But little Jimmy thrust both his hands in his pants pockets and said it was not big enough, and he added, with a pout, that baby Jimmy did not want to sleep in a cradle anyhow.

A few days before this little rebellion by the baby boy in his first pantaloons, an honest man and a pretty young girl, really the prettiest woman I had ever seen except mother, came to papa to be married, and, as usual, where money was so scarce, brought two coon skins. And they were very fine skins, killed in the heart of winter and dressed to perfection. To dress or tan a coon skin properly you first par-flesh it with the back edge of your hunting-knife, then take the brains of the animal and, rubbing this on the flesh side, you manipulate the skin with your hands industriously, rubbing and rubbing for hours. This is, or was done, in those days at night by the cabin fire, after the day's work was done. It takes three operations to complete the task. But when it is done the skin shines and glistens as if oiled; and each particular bit of fur stands up as if alive.

Mother had claimed these two beautiful skins for some special purpose of her own and put them away under her pillow, where she always kept the money, when there was any money, and she now brought out the beautiful skins, which Jimmy had also admired very much and she put them carefully and tenderly in the cradle, smoothing them down with her hands and talking gently baby talk to baby Jimmy. But he again thrust his hands deep in his pockets and turning as if in disgust, stalked away to the door and went out. No cradle for Jimmy Miller. So mother took the coon skins out, for the time at least, and the cradle was put back again in the smoke house.

Soon after a good old Southern woman came from Billy Fields settlement and sent us little folks away to Billy Fields and his house full of girls. And when the good old woman went away we were all back home and very, very happy. I led the horse that carried her and she sat up a straddle smoking a cob pipe and holding tight before her one of those clocks, the first and only one we ever disposed of.—*Joaquin Miller in Harper's Magazine.*

CHOICE

Which does the bird love best,
Blue sky or swinging nest?
Ah, foolish test!

The love that swells in the mother breast
Brings back from its strong-winged quest
A piece of the blue, and its wideness, too,
To the life in the tree, so blest.

Unity, June 16, 1898. —*Celia Parker Woolley.*

DUTY

'Tis not enough to vaunt of good,
To pray it be the Master's plan
That all His children should be fed.
We need to live true brotherhood,
To love and cheer our fellow-man,
If we would follow where He led.

Unity, May 13, 1897. —*Emma Playter Seabury.*

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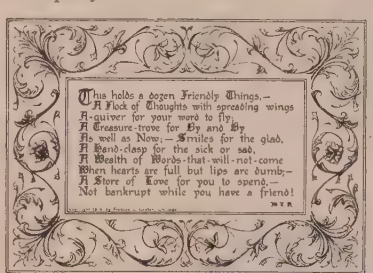
God wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them.
They are in the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem.

—Anna Hempstead Branch.

Verses from "Songs For My Mother" in "The Little Book of Modern Verse" published by Houghton-Mifflin Company.


This holds a dozen Friendly Things,—
A flock of Thoughts with spreading wings
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A Treasure-trove for By and By
As well as Now;—Smiles for the glad,
A Hand-clasp for the sick or sad,
A Wealth of Words-that-will-not-come
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Not bankrupt while you have a friend!

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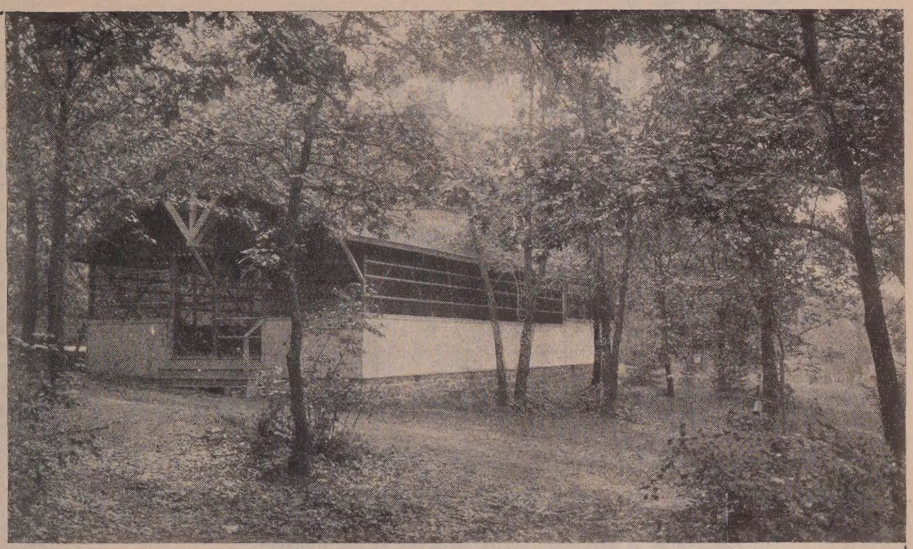

BUT the Twenty-fourth Season of Tower Hill will open for lovers of quiet from July 1st to September 20th. The Twenty-sixth Session of the Summer School will begin July 18th, and close August 15th, with the meeting of the Ninth Tower Hill Congress, Miss Lutie E. Stearns and Miss Zona Gale, Committee.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

MORE EDITORIAL WANDERINGS.

Since January 1st the Senior Editor has lectured outside of his home pulpit fifty-nine times, forty of which were peace addresses. His itinerary carried him from San Diego to Philadelphia. He has addressed nine universities and colleges, two Normal schools and sixteen High and Graded public schools. He has spoken in three theatres, before one legislature and various clubs and church societies and in thirteen churches.

In these last weeks the University audience in Champaign, two High Schools in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and an address before the Lancaster Chamber of Commerce and before the Sixty-second Annual Meeting of the Progressive Friends at Longwood, near Philadelphia. A "Meeting" that was organized to give a free platform for the discussion of hot subjects, a platform made notable by the eminent leaders that have declared the message: Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott, Robert Collyer, Charles G. Ames and many others. This year there were discussions as usual of the labor, the temperance, the woman and the peace problems. Just across the way where the bodies of the brave lie buried, are the graves of Bayard Taylor, Oliver Johnson, Dinah Mendenhall and others of blessed memory. May the good work continue there, anywhere and everywhere!

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, ERIE, PA.

Thomas P. Byrnes, Minister.

The church here has had a successful year in every way. We have had regular morning and evening services every Sunday, from the first Sunday in September, and we will continue this practice until the first of July when we will close for the summer vacation.

The church attendance has been regular and uniformly large at both the morning and evening services throughout the year, the average being higher at night than in the morning. Men have predominated at both services. Our new plan of church organization and business efficiency has continued to work with increasing success and effectiveness. The President of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Hermann Lemp, has also been the General Manager of the seven working committees of the church, and he has therefore had his firm and efficient hand on every department of the church work, both through the Board of Trustees and through the chairman of the seven working committees. The result has been very effective in the raising of the church funds and in getting the church work done. We have this year painted and decorated the inside of the church, finished off our parish rooms, put in a new heating system, increased the salary of the minister, built up the musical end of the church service at an increased expense, met our current expenses, and paid our final indebtedness to the building and loan fund, and all this during the greatest financial depression which the city of Erie has suffered in forty years.

We have also had better attended and more effective business meetings, we have looked after new members and new comers to the church with greater regularity both by the minister and the older members of the church. We have had more and better entertainments in the church, and we have increased the social life and the social enjoyment of the church members and attendants both old and young. We have had better publicity and a more systematic way of making our work known to the community. We have rendered better and greater social service to the community, and in fact we have improved every department and phase of our church life and work, by our business methods as well as by the dynamic spiritual power of the church. The Woman's Alliance, which is one of the oldest and most effective departments of the church, has had a splendid year. The Alliance has studied South America at its regular sessions and it held a successful fair at which $350 was cleared.

We have reached an enrollment of over one hundred in the Sunday School with a high uniform attendance both by the teachers and the pupils.

We have reorganized and built up the Men's Club to one hundred members who have joined and paid their dues, and we have had an average of some eighty-five men in attendance at the six regular monthly meetings and dinners. The club meetings have been addressed by Superintendent of Schools Bush, Bishop Rogers Israels, Rabbi Max Currick, Dr. Flick, Hon. Peter Witte, and Mr. Edwin K. Buttolth, all of whom delivered splendid addresses which were followed by lively and spirited discussions.

The church celebrated its seventeenth anniversary on March 24th by a Birthday Banquet at which some two hundred and fifty people were present. This occasion was marked by the burning of the mortgage which Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, as President of the American Unitarian Association, delivered to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Miss Ruth DuMars, a tot of four years, struck the match and set fire to the document, much to the delight of the whole assembly. Dr. Eliot delivered the principal address of the evening, which was an inspiring utterance emphasizing the three great notes in our message, simplicity, social service and spiritual inspiration.

Rev. L. A. Harvey, the founder and first pastor of the church, was also present and delivered an eloquent address to his many old friends as well as the many new ones present.

Mr. Byrnes leaves the middle of June for an eleven weeks' campaign at the Chautauquas in the Middle West. He finds this change of work and pastime the best kind of rest.

THE STORY-TELLING HOUR.

To some people, telling stories comes as naturally as the art of cooking does to a few housekeepers—notably that one old lady, who, when asked how she made her delicious spice-cake, replied: "Oh land, I jes' take a mite of whatever's in the pantry and stir it in." Less fortunate folk, when caught in a flood-tide of story-hungry youngsters, have been forced to believe that there was extremely little in the "pantry," or else have felt the need of more explicit instruction in the mixing and stirring of the story's ingredients. Appears now a South Carolina girl, with eight years' experience in satisfying story-loving children in the schools of Washington, D. C., who brings hope to the desperate grown-up. She is Miss Marietta Stockart, of the Washington Normal School. In the New York *Evening Sun* she explains that—

"Story-telling is such a young art for mothers. It used to live rather on the shelf, like dancing for the Puritans. But it is beginning to come into its own. It is not just a frivolous pastime. It gives our children a good part of their outlook on life, and is a sugar-coated, creative means of education.

"Story-telling fills so many purposes in the child's life, too. It supplies information and vocabulary. It also stimulates imagination. And the old idea that imagination is visionary and with-

out practical value is exploded. No one can go very far without it.

"Another purpose in story-telling is to stimulate the child's sense of humor. And here is an open field for the writers of children's stories. For the very most difficult of child stories to find is the properly humorous one. Comic-supplement humor grows on every bush, but the right kind of humor for the child is as rare as the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Stories also stir the child's artistic sense as well as the dramatic instinct. The need of some source of self-expression is vital to all of us. It is the means of communicating our treasures to others and of receiving theirs in return. And it is the dramatic instinct that provides this medium. And as for the artistic value of the story—each story is a big canvas, word-painted into the child's mind. It helps to develop the esthetic sense.

"And lastly, story-telling has a tremendous interpretative value. The stories told must in some way picture or explain the child's own experiences and environment. Sometimes it is even necessary to enlarge the child's stock of experiences for the simple purpose of telling a certain story. Age plays a big part in the choice of stories to be told. But a safe rule to follow in dealing with a mixed crowd is to tell within the comprehension of your youngest, and your oldest will be perfectly content as well.

"The preparation for story-telling is very simple. Choose your story, and then proceed to absorb it. Never try to study words—they get between you and your audience. Get the heart and atmosphere of your message in pictures in your own mind. Then free yourself utterly, and tell your story as it passes like a moving picture before your own mind. It is the personal and pictorial quality of the told story that gives it its advantage over the read one.

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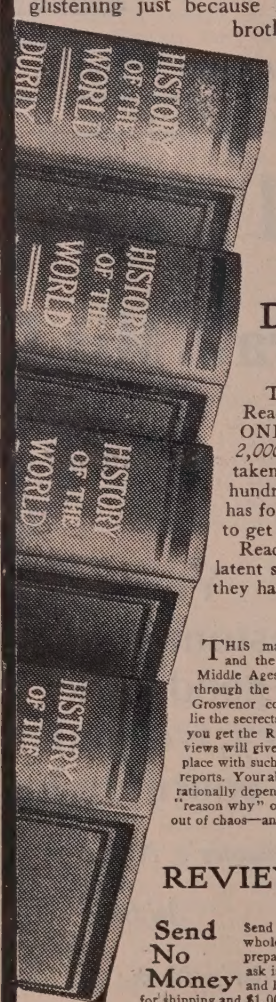

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